

Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, J.

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

(EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.)

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WHOLE NO. 192.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg, Va., every Wednesday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after which \$2.00 will be received for a less period than six months.

No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrears are paid up—and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal deduction on the above rates will be made to those who advertise by the year.

No advertisement counted less than a square.

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All communications, to insure attention, must be accompanied by the author's name and post-paid.

THE NEGRO INSURRECTION.

Or, The Race with the Big Drum.

During the years 1833-'34 and '35, A****, Va., was the residence of a few choice spirits for fun and frolic; and whenever a stranger happened to light among them having any peculiarity about him, or eccentricity in his character, their wits were at once put to work, and he was sure, sooner or later to become the object of their sport. About the year 1834, a dapper little man dropped in among them from Lynchburg, who, among other striking traits of character, was passionately fond of beating the Bass Drum. For the sake of convenience, we will call him John. Well, John was one of those pompous little men, about as wide as long, and as near as may be, the shape of an old fashioned Dutch oven, with a pair of legs about as wide as long, and approaching in curvature as a pair of hames, a huge head with an enormous pair of ears, resembling antiquated pewter bullet-bells, closely compressed lips, and a stinging looking nose, that presented the appearance of having been hastily pinched up from a long face of putty, by the thumb and finger. Such was John's external appearance—the very form and features that rarely fail to accompany a kind of superstitious east or convenient excitability. As before said, if possessed of any one passion more than another, it was his fondness for the music of the Bass Drum, and of making that music himself.

About the period of which we are writing, the recollection of the horrors of "Nat Turner's Insurrection" had not died away in the locality of their enactment, without leaving fearful forebodings of their re-enactment west of the mountains, and John was one upon whose mind such a dire calamity was ever uppermost. Scarcely a day passed that he did not either think or gabble of "Nat Turner's Insurrection," as he classically termed it, with excited eye and cadaverous countenance. This was enough for the lovers of fun. A scheme was at once concocted to give John a sweat, as well as a fore acknowledgment of his powers of locomotion, should occasion ever render it necessary for him to conclude that "discretion was the better part of valor," for, be it remembered, that whilst he had a most courageous heart, no little man was ever doomed to wear a more cowardly pair of legs. Terrible forebodings were at once whispered into his ears of "a rise among the negroes," the mere contemplation of which brought the bristly hair upon his head to a perpendicular, and made him as wild and timid after the sun had gone to bed, as a startled fawn, after which hour, nothing save his fondness for beating the Bass Drum could bring him from his domicile.

These facts coming to the knowledge of his tormentors, they at once agreed upon a grand serenade to come of in the vicinity of town on some dark and gloomy night, in which it was to fall to John's lot to perform the important part of beating the Bass Drum. They knew that this would take, and made their arrangements accordingly. The proper night at length arrived. John was formally invited and the company comprising half a dozen, or more, started for the top of "Gallows Hill," where they were to practice a short time before "discussing sweet sounds" to the sleeping inhabitants of the town. In the meantime a few accomplices had been secreted in a ravine in the field in which the musicians were to practice, with guns heavily charged with powder, which guns were to be discharged at the moment a certain tune should be commenced when one of the musicians was to feign himself shot, and fall, and the cry of "Insurrection!" was to be raised by the others. All the preliminaries being settled, the company wending their way up the hill, John with his big drum swinging before him by a strap of webbing passing over his shoulders. Which was sewed tight and fast to his coat collar by a companion who pretended to show unusual fondness for John, by familiarly resting his hand upon his back as they slowly walked along.

At length they reached the summit, where unbroken silence had reigned for hours, except the howl of the night wind or an occasional wail from an owl perched upon the very tree that had performed the office of a gallows years before. The place and the hour were just such as to awaken awe in a superstitious mind, and at such a place, and such a time the music commenced. There stood John behind his big copper instrument, with nothing visible of the outer man save his head above his eyebrows and his dumpy little feet hammering away with all the dignified solemnity of an automaton organ-grinder. "In the course of human events," the signal tune broke upon the ears of the men in the ravine, when bang! bang! bang! resounded fire-arms, and one of the musicians fell, exclaiming—
"Run boys, save your lives if you can—I'm a dead man—the negroes have killed me!"

Suddenly as the distinguishing of the lights in "auld Kirk Alloway," where Tam O'Shanter cheered the Warlocks, John's companions all disappeared. He cast a wild and hurried glance around him, then threw forward his head and made a sudden and desperate jerk backward to divest himself of the drum, but it was too tightly fastened to budge an inch, and the retrograde movement only had the effect of placing him in the still more frightful predicament of having the back of his coat drawn as tightly over his head as the parchment upon his drum, and exposing to the fire of the enemy that portion of his body where his heart was supposed to lay. He righted himself in a moment, squared the drum before him, cast a wild and hurried glance in the direction of the supposed ambush, and struck out at the top of his speed in the direction of town. As he made a bee-line across the field, and bim! bim! bim! resounded from the drum as his knees came in contact with it, which ponderous instrument was ever and anon knocked up by the concussion till he could see under it, his voice was heard high above the surrounding din, exclaiming—
"For Heaven's sake wait for—this infernal drum!" On he went, drum and all, as if all the furies were at his heels, till he came to an intervening fence. Mounting this, the drum still swinging before him, he made out to reach the topmost rail, where losing his balance, in his effort to put the drum over first, he fell backward, and the drum being upon the opposite side, he was suspended for a moment by the collar of his coat, somewhat after the fashion of a pair of old breeches stuffed and suspended for a scare-crow. He soon, however, found a foothold on the rails reached the top sprang over, when he and the drum had it to the foot of the hill, sometimes one on top, sometimes the other, the most ludicrous scene of grand and lofty tumbling ever witnessed by mortal man.

These rough-and-tumble revolutions of John and the drum continued to the foot of the hill near the church where bounding a log, they separated John leaving the drum "alone in its glory," whilst he relieved from the "weight that beset him," struck out with more than "Gray Eagle" speed, making a radius of more than 40 feet as he attempted to turn a corner, and dashed towards home like a tornado. Reaching the house, he had no time to enter by the common way, but sprang through a paneless window, and alighting in the middle of the room with a sash hanging about his neck after the manner of a pig yoke of the olden time, he paused a moment to breathe, and bolted headlong into the sleeping apartment of his "boss," who, being alarmed by his racket, sprang from his bed and demanded to know the cause of such an unceremonious intrusion. "Res-resurrection among the niggers!" gasped John, as he sank exhausted to the floor.

The "boss," somewhat apprehensive of such an event himself, having heard it so much talked of, hurried on his unmentionables with as little delay as possible, took down his gun, pressed John into service, and started out to assist the citizens in putting down the supposed "rise among the niggers," and the "resurrection," as John had termed it. The immediate neighbors all being in the secret, they all armed themselves and accompanied him and John to the supposed scene of action. In the meantime the men in the ravine had left their hiding place and divided into two squads—one concealing themselves behind bushes and brambles, and the other under the old church, which stood upon pillars some 3 or 4 feet high. Between these two companies the crowd had now wandered, where all appeared to be peering into the surrounding darkness to discover the supposed armed band of negroes. Just at that moment a fitful gleam of light flashed in John's face, and bang! resounded a gun with a few paces of him. This was enough. Away he went on his second heat, and being minus the drum, his speed was greatly increased. His face being in the opposite direction from home, and having no time to turn he took a straight shoot westward; turning a corner of a garden on his left he took an alley to the Main St., taking this, which had just been McAdamized, he went over it towards home with a speed and a racket never before or since approached by any animal with two legs. It was said that the gun-flints upon his toes struck fire from the limestone, and that pieces of rock as big as a man's fist were thrown up as high as the eaves of the surrounding houses. This time his race being longer, and he somewhat exhausted by his first heat, he barely reached home with breath in his body, the sweat streaming from ever pore, he entered through the same window, sprang into bed, had clothes and all, covered himself, neck and heels, and when discovered was undergoing a more than Thomsonian sweat, and incoherently exclaiming—
"Murder! Resurrection! Wait!"

From that day to this, however much of melancholy may at times come over me—however much of gloom may shut out the sunshine of life, a hearty laugh will force itself upon me, whenever my mind reverts to "The Negro Insurrection, or the Race with the Big Drum."

SUGAR BEET.

DON'T DO IT.—Never make use of an honest woman's name in a improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.

The following lines, which we copy from an exchange, will, probably, be fully appreciated by some of our readers, during these anti-license times.

STANZUS.

Deadekated to an Individual in Pursuit of Licker under Deimulkeer, of a Sandee Morning. By the Orkhar of the "Ond to the Steam Fire Engine."

Eminent destruckshionist of Licker!
Probablee your dri,
Maybe there's a vakuum in your bowels;
You feel slitley
kurious in the abdominal regens?
Want a stimulator, eh? It can't be did,
Eminent destruckshionist!

Imbibator of alkaholik likw'd,
The krisis wat was to have arrived has arrived,
The new sitty ordenance are a fiesked phact,
That solitarie dine, rezurected from
the depths of the trowers, kant awaken
A simpatheetic respnz, or a tod, from
Your kuries hoddled friend, the barkeeper,
Alkaholik Imbibator!

Knoekturnal jyratun navigator,
Last nite you wer 12 11 this drunk, and
Wen you went home you had a
Missellaneous mixture of the legs;
felt tired, perhaps. Konsekventlee
You feel heeted about the innards.
"In the philaterring unksun to your soln"
That you alone this morning—
Theres numeruz people of the saim
Stripe with cimular feelinks,
Knoekturnal navigator!

Demonstrator of the power of suksun!
This is an episode in your career,
A full stop to your ambichus asperachun
after spirits;
The baer is klosed—nare Bottle is visibul
to the naked I,
as you stand fernest the kountner,
You anxiously inkwire for a drink,
& it dont cum,

Demonstrator of suksun!
Kocktals annylyater!
Your an ingured person, a victim
of legislativ stupitidee;
You can do without working all the weak,
and rest-on sunde;
But you kant drink liker 6 days
and dry up on the thd;
Your fizical system is not
kapable of asperheating
The ordnanz;
Your nare revolts at water,
Kocktals annylyater!

Enemee to water!
You believe water usefule for ablushun
and knavagible purposes only;
not refreshink, beneishul,
or invig eraten as a beverage.
Strange idee—but not unkommun,
However, youre done for. The ordnanz
is imperativ—a certanaz—
passed by a majorituz vote,
Not a drop of liker, whole-sail
or retale, kan you get on Sandee—
Enemee to water!

Objekt of kommissersashun!
You may koke, pursue, beg, promia, &c.,
but its of no use;
the "kanine kwadrant is defunkt,"
Why dident you get a bottle on
Sandee night?
I'm sorce for you—reform; stop;
Shut down; reflect; hesitate before
you got korned on Sandee
nite, unless you prepair for
emergences—
Objekt of kommissersashun!

THE BROTHER HUNTERS; Or, Poor Tom's Fate.

At the foot of Ozark Mountains, where the rocky slopes extend far into the cultivated settlements, and no great distance from the banks of the Mulberry, which foamed and roared against the sharp ridges of ice with which the extraordinary severe winter threatened to imprison it, two white hunters walked, wrapped in their blankets, along the stream, and seemed to be looking for a place where they could cross to the other side.

They were two powerful looking fellows as they walked on with their rifles on their shoulders, the elegantly fringed leggings, and the carefully soled moccasins showed that they had assumed the habits of the woods, and not of those "land hunters," who especially at that day, had begun traversing the western part of the State in order to find out the most favorably situated districts, and purchase, or at least lay claim to them.

"Bill," one of them at last said, as he stopped, "our searching is of no use—you see I was right; the stream is here too wide for us to find a tree lying across, and if I really went to work with my little tomahawk, and felled one of the nearest plane trees it would not be long enough. Besides a heavy storm is gathering behind us, and I think we should not do wrong were we to make arrangements for passing this night better than last; it will be bitterly cold."

"It's annoying, though," Bill answered his brother, crossly, "that we could not reach the ravine over there to-night, for, in the first place, we should find famous quarters in one of the numerous caves, and, then, besides, I should have liked to look for bear; there are sure to be some there. The water's too cold for us to swim across, and the storm will not be a trifling one; so then, to work; here are old trees enough lying about, and a bark raft can be easily made."

"There are almost too many trees lying about," Tom replied, looking all around him, "and those still standing seem to be rotten and ready to fall. I do not much like the thought of camping here, for you know the story father told us once about such a place."

"Nonsense!" Bill said, laughing. "Can we find a better camping place? The little stream runs along at our feet, there is plenty of wood close and handy, the young trees will furnish famous poles, and the bark there is, first rate for a raft."

"Tom made no objections, the spot looked too inviting, and they were both

soon engaged in raising a rough shelter for that night at least, which could afford them refuge against the storm. Under such good hands the work was easily accomplished, and the next half hour found both under their quickly erected roof, watching the pieces of meat broiling on the fire.

"It's strange how cold it has suddenly turned," Tom at length broke the silence; "only look, the water has frozen quite hard in the tin pan, and the wind has chopped round to the north east; it blows confoundedly sharp too."

"Let it blow," Bill yawned, as he wrapped himself closely in the folds of his blanket; "I am tired, and want to sleep. Tom. Lay a couple of boughs on the fire before you turn in, and the one first awake to-morrow must rouse the other."

Midnight was past, and the fire had nearly expired, but the two brothers slept firmly, and the icy north winds that howled over the snow-clad hills into the valley, could not disturb their slumber. Heavy masses of cloud had, however, collected together from various quarters, darkly threatening they brooded over the rustling forest, and the stately trees shook and bowed their leafless branches, as if in timid forebodings of the approaching storm. A bright flash of lightning suddenly burst from the black heavens, and a terrific peal of thunder almost instantaneously followed the messenger of destruction. One of the terrible winter storms was impending, and the unchained hurricane howled and tore through the narrow mountain ravines.

"Bill," cried Tom, springing up in horror, "Bill, get up; we dare not lie down; see how the old trees quiver; and you hear, there's one of them cracking?"

"Hallo!" Bill replied, as he threw off his blanket, "has it caught us? Hi! Tom, lay hold of the roof; I'm blessed if the confounded northwester won't take it along with it."

His fear was not entirely unfounded, for at the same instant such a furious blast burst from the opposite valley that it half uncovered their resting-place in a second, and burning ashes and sparks were carried far away into the gloom of night. A lightning flash again burst forth from the clouds and the thunder deadeled the sound of the howling storm. Then it suddenly seemed as if the whole earth were torn from its foundation; far, far away it came, like the crash of a thousand cannons; then nearer, and nearer it roared, spreading wild and terrible overthrow and harrowing desolation around.

"Almighty God, a hurricane!" Tom cried starting up in terror, for at the same moment the storm reached them. The giant trunks which had withstood centuries, bowed like thin twigs, and with one blow that struck terror to the hearts of the listeners, the whole forest was mown level to the earth by the hand of the Almighty.

The hurricane raged further and further with frightful velocity; for miles around it overthrew the tall oaks, and hurled them like reeds to the ground; it marked its path with desolation and destruction; but silence, grave-like silence followed in its track, and rested over the widely-scattered trees; and a breath was stirring, and a calmness of death, after this horrifying outbreak of the elements, affected the poor heart of a mortal with more agonizing shudder than it had felt even in the most terrible fury of the storm.

Bill had miraculously escaped without even the slightest injury: clinging tightly to an immense tree that had previously fallen; another oak that had fallen across it only served to save him, as it guarded him from the other continually falling branches and smaller trees; but now, as soon as the first most pressing danger passed, he jumped up and cried, filled with terror, to his brother:

"Tom—brother Tom, do answer, Tom. Great God! has such a terrible end fallen to your share?"

No, it would have been well for him if that had been his lot; he still lived, and his weak voice, at no great distance, struck the hunter's attentive ear.

"All-merciful Heavens!" the latter cried when he had leaped over a couple of trees lying in his way, and with a blazing pine-torch in his hand, stood before him he sought.

"All-merciful Heavens!" he repeated with maddening agony, and covering his face with his hands, for close to him, pale as a corpse, with both of his thighs buried beneath an immense oak, which was shattered from top to bottom, lay his Tom, his brother, the playmate of his youth, the darling of his heart.

"It's very cold," the unhappy man whispered, and looked up imploringly to the hunter, who apparently incapable of any further movements, stood near him, as if he were of stone—"it's very cold, Bill; can you bring me a little fire?" Those words broke the charm which seemed to possess his half unconscious brother.

"Tom, Tom!" he cried, as he threw himself with groans on the mutilated body of his dearest companion.

"You hurt me, Bill," he said, "my arm pains me, and it is so cold."

"Wait, you shall have fire in a few seconds," Bill now cried as he sprang hastily up, "lie there a minute longer, and I will fetch you some ashes, and help you up—only a moment's patience; and in haste he flew back to the still burning camp-fire. Ah! he did not notice the weak, painful smile which stole over the features of the unhappy man, as he begged him to have patience. He hurriedly collected all the ashes and burning wood his arms could hold—the flames scorched his hunting-shirt and hands—he did not notice it, and flew back to his brother's side, plenty of drift-wood lay around, and in a few moments a bright

cheering fire blazed by the side of the tree, under whose giant weight the poor fellow lay buried alive.

Bill now regarded with a shudder the terrible scene, and madly threw himself on the tree, which a hundred men could not raise, and tried his utmost strength on an impossibility.

"Bill," Tom gently begged him, "come here, come—give me your hand—that's right. And now, Bill—do you really love me?"

A convulsive grasp of his brother's hand answered this question; speak he could not, for the tears he had suppressed with difficulty suffocated every sound.

"Will you do me a service?" Tom implored, drawing the unresisting man closer to him.

"A service!" Bill whispered—"a service! What can you ask that I would not do for you if it was in my power?"

"You promise to do it?"

"What is it?" the hunter asked in terror.

"Take your rifle," Tom begged, "and put an end to my sufferings."

"Tom!" the brother cried, as he sprang up in horror.

"Put an end to my sufferings," the unhappy man entreated, "Bill! brother! if you ever loved me prove it now. Do not let me perish here, slowly and horribly."

"I will save you, if it cost my life," Bill cried. "I will return with assistance this very night."

"That is not possible," the poor fellow replied, shaking his head.

"The next settlement is by the nearest road, at least fifteen miles from here; but the road you would have to go round the rocks and ravines, is twenty; and if you come back, if you brought fifty people with you, what help could they give me? Both my thighs are shattered, and the nearest Doctor lives in Little Rock, hundreds of miles from here, and whither we scarcely know the direction. Bill, will you let me lie here for days, and afterwards, see me perish miserably?"

"Ask my own life, and you shall have it with pleasure; but don't require such a terrible thing from me; it must be possible to save you—I have my tomahawk—I can cut this tree through—I can—"

"Can you cure wounds like these?" Tom interrupted him, and pointed with his hand to his thigh. It was a terrible sight, and the brother fell upon his knees, with a groan.

"I cannot murder you," he gently said.

"And do you call that murder? Oh, Bill!" he continued, "could you only fancy the pain I am now suffering, you would take compassion—would not let me beg in vain."

"I will give you a rifle—don't make me my brother's murderer," Bill groaned.

"My right arm is also broken; I cannot, even if I would."

"Tom!" the powerful man sobbed, as he threw himself by his brother's side, "what is it you want of me?"

"What did you lately do to Nestor, when the bear had torn him so terribly?"

"I shot him."

"He was your favorite dog."

Bill only answered with sobs.

"And you loved him more than me?"

Tom now asked, almost reproachfully.

"Oh! why did I not heed your warning when we last night reached this unhappy spot? why did I not avoid the decayed trees that threatened us on all sides? why—"

"Bill?" the unhappy man interrupted him, "do you mean to free me from my torture?"

"I will!" the poor fellow sobbed on his brother's neck. They held one another in cold embrace for a long while, but when Tom tried to unloose his hold, his brother only held him the tighter.—Day at length broke in the east, and the sun shone on the chaos of wildly-scattered trees around.

"Let us part," Tom whispered, "be a man."

He quickly pushed his brother back, and he at length stood up.

"Well, then, be it so! I see you're right—it is impossible to save you. I know, too, that I should have asked the same of you in a similar case, and you would not have refused me. Pray for God for the last time, and pray too for me, that he may forgive me the murder of my brother."

Bill tottered away to fetch his rifle, but he returned in a few moments with a firm and certain step. With his gun in his left hand; he swung himself with his right hand over the scattered trunks, and soon stood again by the side of his brother, who looked affectionately in his face.

"I am ready," said the latter, with a smile, "do not tremble, and God reward you for your kindness—good-bye!" He offered him his hand as he turned his face away.

"Brother!" the tortured hunter cried, in agony, and threw himself again on his breast. Once again they held each other in a close embrace, till Tom entreated gently, "Do not delay any longer." With a hasty bound the hunter stood on his feet, raised his rifle to his cheek, and lay the next moment unconscious by the side of his brother he had shot.

What more have I to tell? Shall I describe how he awoke and piled branch upon branch on his brother's corpse, so that wolf and panther might not fasten their greedy teeth in the beloved remains—how he tottered away, and wrestled with death for many months in the wild dreams of fever, carefully nursed by friends?—No! I enough of this sorrowful tale. His brother's blood-covered face did not long trouble him in his nightly dreams, or cause him to spring in terror from his bed, and try to fly—on an expedition against some plundering Creeks, a compassionate bullet put an end to his life, and friends buried him where he fell! But his memory is still retained in that

neighborhood, and when a hunter camps at night, and turns an enquiring glance towards the giant trunks which menacingly surround him, then a gentle prayer of even the roughest and wildest of the band, and whispers, "God preserve me from poor Tom's fate."

THE "DIGGER" INDIANS.

A friend, not long since returned from the plains, gives an account of the "Diggers"—the most degraded and disgusting race on the Western Hemisphere. They occupy a region of territory in and near the American Desert, being driven from the neighboring sections by the other Indian tribes, who have a most utter contempt and abhorrence of the race. They are dwarfish in stature, being seldom above five feet in height, dark in complexion, lean, emaciated and shriveled, with a skin resembling leather, lying in folds over the body, and giving them a truly hideous appearance. They wander about often in an entirely nude state, and have no habitation of any description. Sometimes they burrow in the sand for a night's lodging. Their principal substance is roots and herbs, which they dig from the ground with remarkable dispatch, hence receiving the appellation of "Diggers." The Diggers are a cannibal race, eating human flesh wherever it can be obtained. They also subsist on carrion, and indeed on anything that can undergo a digestive process.

Their weapons of warfare are the tomahawk and the arrow. They are a cowardly race, seldom making an attack except for the purpose of procuring food, and then only in case of great superiority in numbers. Their mode of attack is to warily surround their victim, and simultaneously rush upon him. As soon as he fires upon one of the party, the others immediately transfix him with a volley of arrows, when they directly proceed to cut him up, eating what they desire, and carrying off the residue for future use. They seem hardly to possess the characteristics of human beings, and their identity as men is questioned by many trappers and hunters. They are remarkably tenacious of life, and accounts almost incredible are related of this peculiarity. The truth of the following incident is vouched for on credible authority.

An attack having been made on a party of hunters and traders crossing the American Desert, and who were nearly reduced by starvation and thirst, the Diggers were worsted and a number of them shot. One of them who had received a rifle ball through his body, raised himself up to a sitting posture and aimed his tomahawk at one of the whites, throwing it with such precision as to cut his hunting-cap from his head. The other, walked up to his antagonist, and deliberately shot him through the head, and left him for dead. Soon after, on turning round, he perceived the Digger with a portion of his brains protruding from his skull, taking aim at him with his knife. He turned aside, in time to avoid the weapon, and then riddled him with balls. An hour afterwards, he yet breathed. The Diggers are rapidly diminishing in numbers, as is the case with most other Indian tribes. One cannot recall to mind their appearance except with feelings the most revolting.

How Wild Geese are Taken.

"The way they catch geese," says the Buffalo Republican, "on the western waters, is sufficiently wonderful, without at all taxing the credulity of any one. They are found of a small and very active eel, armed with sharp head and teeth, whose habits insist upon its swimming very near the surface of the water. It is very seldom the geese can get hold of their choice morsel, and when they do, they have a grand jollification over it. This eel, the hunters use as a bait for their geese-ships. A short time since, two hunters went out to catch wild geese. One laid down in the canoe with a line attached to his waist, and on the other end, in the water, was tied the nimble, sharp-headed eel before spoken of. The canoe floated slowly through the marshes, and came gradually among a large flock of geese, and the eel swimming along close to the surface. One venerable bon vivant of a goose, gobbled up the eel, like a flash; also, the eel had made its way through the body of the epicure, and lo! the goose was 'on strong.' Another goose afflicted with a luxurious palate, swallowed the eel, but without any peculiar satisfaction, as the eel, hardly noticing any obstruction, travelled through the 'goose-grease' with scarcely an effort. And so this identical eel travelled and travelled, until seventeen geese were on the string, and our scientific friend thinking he had been fortunate enough, commenced hauling them into the boat. But wonder of wonders, the seventeen geese rose upon the wing as one goose, and before our friend the canoe could make a will or say a prayer, he was lifted bodily from the canoe, through the combined efforts of the seventeen geese attached to his waist, and ere he was aware of it, was thirty feet above the water. A friend of his on shore, who saw the difficulty, and his rifle fortunately being loaded, shot off the string and rescued his friend. So instead of wild geese, our hunter got cold duck; and, although he fishes no more for wild geese with eels, he is prepared to affirm, asseverate or swear to the truth of the foregoing."

A GOOD JOKE.—The city authorities of Marysville California, recently passed an ordinance for the removal of outside stairs in that city. While the council were in session a few days after, the stairs leading to the Council Chamber were removed, and the dignified members of that body, according to the Herald, were compelled to "shin" down the posts of the building.

Continued.—What is the difference between a school master and an engine driver? One trains the mind, and the other, minds the train—sometimes.

One trains the mind, and the other, minds the train—sometimes.